The New Unity

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TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Contents

EDITORIAL. Page.
Notes 577
The Religious Education of Children 578
THE LIBERAL CONGRESS.
Each in his Own Tongue (*verse*); Cuba, Hawaii and our National Duty, by LEWIS C. JANES 579
The New Preaching, by A. B. MC M.; The New Pulpit 580
THE WORD OF THE SPIRIT.
Incarnation, by W. C. GANNETT 581
THE HOME.
Helps to High Living (Wm. H. Channing); A True Story of Hal, by E. P. POWELL 584
THE LIBERAL FIELD 586
THE STUDY TABLE 586
MISCELLANEOUS 589
ANNOUNCEMENTS 592

Editorial

Who knows but in eternity,
I, like a truant child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?

And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead,
"'Tis I, O Father! only I?"

—Eugene Field.

"WHAT," says the Cardinal sent from Rome to labor with Martin Luther, "will become of you, a wretched worm, when the Pope, whose little finger is stronger than all Germany, will turn upon you?" "I will be then as now in the hands of Almighty God," was the serene reply of the stalwart. This is the stronghold of every man who takes his orders from within, trusts himself to the guiding of principle.

SOME of the tenderest home lessons must be sought for outside the home circle. The fuel that makesthe hearth side cheerful, whether it be primitive logs from the forest, the coal out of the bowels of the earth, or the gas elaborated in the retorts of nature or of art, all comes from the outside, so much of the fuel that keeps the heart bright comes from external sources. Let the soul go outside of itself if it would live. Let the home relate itself to the outside world if it would have a warm world within.

WE are sorry to be called upon to correct our correction concerning "A Solemn Message" which appeared in our issue of Oct. 24. The types were right in the first place. The article was written by Mrs. Cyrus Burleigh who died about three years since, not by Celia Burleigh as stated in our incorrect correction.

A faithful reader in an out-of-the-way corner of Indiana writes us: "Money is not easy but I cannot do without the necessities of life. The NEW UNITY, correctly named, brings to me something *new*, fresh and invigorating with each number. Those who are constantly surrounded with the teachings and influence it advocated know not the blessing it carries each week to the isolated ones. I sometimes wish I could telephone a greeting to those within the fort if it is only to say, "I stand alone at my post, count me as one true to my colors. I expect to read the NEW UNITY as long as I live." We pass the telephonic message along the wires, let those at the other end of the receiver note the message.

ON the 10th inst. was celebrated the 112th anniversary of Luther's birth. This is a name that carries with it trumpet notes. Lowell in his *Villa Franca* says:—

"Luther is dead; old quarrels pass;
The stakes black scars are healed with grass;
So dreamers prate * *
But Luther's broom is left, and eyes
Peep o'er their creeds to where it lies."

We, who have no creeds to peep over, the pro-testants of Protestantism, are called upon to save the complicated and exuberant life of the nineteenth century by giving to it the Martin Luther accent of sincerity, without which all creeds and forms remain to the damnation of human souls; but with which any creed and any form has in it the divine power of salvation and life eternal.

THE *Advance*, the organ of Congregationalism in Chicago, has at last ventured an opinion on Rev. John Faville's address before the Liberal Congress last spring entitled the "Interchange of Ministerial Courtesies Across the Theological Chasms." The *Advance* objects to crossing this chasm because the pulpit is specifically dedicated, it thinks, to the three words "Incarnation, Atonement and Regeneration" and Christendom, it thinks, is "practically an unit on these three words." But the Catholic Church likes these words, Channing liked them, Philip Brooks liked them and the Salvation Army liked them. We doubt not John Fiske and unquestionably, Theodore Parker and Dr. Hirsch and his Jewish associates and the rest of us that lie somewhere in between, all like them and have use for them. The puzzle to the *Advance* is to locate the chasm. Many people now walk over, dry shod, where the chasm is supposed to be.

THE Chicago papers are justly the pride of the city. In literary quality, typographical execution and news gathering enterprises they are the equals if not the superiors of the daily papers in any city in America. And inadequate as the present standard may be in point of moral dignity, independence and purity there has been an immense advance in the last ten years until now the ruling and directing geniuses of the leading Chicago dailies are men of character, public spirit and active in reform. The names of Medill, Kohlsaat, Seymour, Penn Nixon and others are names associated with every good word and work in the city of Chicago. This week these great papers have startled us by making themselves penny papers. For one cent the Chicago home is now visited daily with a messenger that brings tidings from all parts of the world and from the busy brains in all grades of learning and industry. Something large ought to come out of such a large privilege. Who can measure the significance of a penny paper like the *Tribune* and its associates?

THE *Christian Register* for November seventh is a paper to be secured and filed. It contains in full the addresses given at the Unitarian National Conference in Washington among which are the papers by John Fiske on the "Origin of Liberal Thought in America," Dr. Everett on the "Theology of Unitarians," G. Stanley Hall on "Pedagogic methods in Sunday School," Mr. Gannett on "Incarnation," Miss Safford, Prof. Peabody and Anna Garland Spencer on questions of Philanthropy besides a great amount of matter concerning denominational polity, prospect and machinery. Aside from these high thought papers, read in the quiet of the study, the paper bristles with the denominational spirit that rises at times almost into enthusiasm. We doubt if any Evangelical sect in Christendom would hold a conference in which their own denominational word would be uttered so many times as the word "Unitarian" occurred at Washington, judging from the printed reports and editorials. There seems to be a spasm of

denominational anxiety lest the world might distrust them or forget them. They are willing apparently to let all other names and all doctrinal distinctions go so only this one word is left. But it is encouraging to note that this spasm of self-consciousness reveals itself in an attempt to make the word co-extensive with the broadest and deepest things a-going. The large claim made for the Unitarian denomination sounds the doom of the sectarian sect. This self-consciousness will soon grow into the consciousness of a common life with all the other liberal forces, and the church they will delight to work for will be a church not rimmed with the name "Unitarian" nor the name "Christian," but by the larger name of "Religion" where *Jew* as well as *Christian*, *Trinitarian* as well as *Unitarian* are today actually working in common touch with one another organically in hundreds of places, and where they must work organically together if any co-operative work is to be done at all in hundreds of other places.

LAST week Chicago laid to rest a poet, one who could be seen not only across the states but across the ocean. The fame of Eugene Field will rest secure in the lullabies which he crooned for mother hearts over sleepy and sleeping innocents. We doubt if there can be found in any language from any one pen such a delightful series of love-lilting slumber-songs as Eugene Field has given to the world. He sang these crooning songs out of a simple trust in the God of nature, out of the guileless heart that rejoices in the near sanctities, out of the wholesome companionship of common men and common things which of course made him the boon companion of children, the loving student of their prattle and an innocent minister to their gaiety. In turning over the pages of Eugene Field's volumes, the first great wonder is that these lullaby songs should have been born out of a masculine heart. The second is that the same mind that has become the poet laureate of innocent children has made his second hit as an interpreter of the rude, tough life of the West. Next to the prattle of children he is at home in the dialect of the miner's camp. The third surprise is that one who has done so well did not do still better. A sad sense of incompleteness possesses the lover of good literature in reading these poems. Not that we would wish any of them unwritten but here is a life that did not reach its maximum. Put it lovingly, but let it be said that Eugene Field ought not to have died just yet. The affluence of his life stood in the way of the highest things within his reach. The good living, the merry round of sociability, the happy recklessness of dealing with his vital forces interfered with the great poet which he might have been had his geniality been matched with a consecration and earnestness worthy it. We are not unmindful of the gracious gifts he has left to the world and join in the common grief felt over his premature death. No one more promptly than himself would put aside the laurel wreath that belongs to a great poet which some, in this moment of sorrow, would fain place upon his brow. He does not belong to the front rank where the great singers are, but he does belong to the "humbler poets."

> Whose songs gushed from his heart,
> As showers from the clouds of summer,
> Or tears from the eyelids start.

The Religious Education of Children.

The child stands as the central figure in the religious life and hope of humanity as it does in Christian art. From the Madonna arms of woman ever proceeds the king that rules the world, that decides the destiny of generations.

O child, what a joy and yet what a care, what mystery and yet how simple and artless. How carelessly do we toss thee about and yet how perplexing a problem thou art. How ignorant and yet what wisdom may you not attain to, how beautiful and alas! how wicked you may become. How sweet is your smile, how wild is your anger. It is hard to tell whither tends the stronger power, toward angel or toward brute. O child, thou bringest the sweetest joy and deepest anguish of life. It is for you to bind or break the heart whose pulsation gave you being. It is for you to steady or trip the tottering steps that go down the steep incline of life into the resting house of the grave. It is for you to sustain with the perennial vitality of youth or to chill with the premature snows of old age the head of father or mother. Thou art the bone of our bone and the flesh of our flesh, yet the plummets of the mother's love cannot fathom thy prophetic possibilities nor the insight of the father's heart probe the secret mysteries of thy simplest desires. Thou art the perpetual embodiment of life's miracle and revelation, the mysterious ray of divinity and the lump of clay; our surest memento of the past, the iron fetters that bind us to the present and the golden chain with its grappling hooks of hope and faith which we throw into the future. We accept thee as a blessing and still, through our ignorance, indifference and neglect, we too often leave thee but a curse.

What are we doing? What ought we to do? What can we do for the child?

Long before the feet can carry the body or the hand has learned its cunning the eyes have gone on long voyages of exploration and discovery, the ears have been alert and the chubby fingers have taken their impressions of countless objects. All this in response to the divine hunger for facts and the heavenly thirst for knowledge. Will the parent quicken or blight this thirst? Into his hand is entrusted some embryonic beginning of that power of mind, that material grasp of things that in Newton weighed the planets, that in Franklin enticed the lightning from its thunder home, that in Agassiz and Tyndall read the secret of the glacier and in Watt and Stevenson harnessed the vapor. Every parent is given the beginning of that power which told the numbers of Longfellow and Milton and wielded the pen of Shakespeare. Without this higher food which every babe cries for even the body will sicken and fall far short of its higher development. An empty head makes flabby muscle and the hand that goes with an uncultivated mind ever remains a paw. Without a discriminating intellect the child's fingers are all thumbs. What are we doing in this direction? Let the imprisoning ignorance, the accusing dullness on every hand rise before us as accusing witnesses. The larger lessons of life, the freer movements of the mind go unrealized because of the criminal indifference on the part of parents to these higher needs.

A child needs love as well as knowledge. There is a heart hunger for which companionship and sympathy is the satisfying food, and without this both body and mind remain stultified. Can we not look back into the earlier years of our childhood and realize that it was not all sunshine? There were deep solitudes and awful anguish that tore the childish heart and burdened the childish mind. Every day we may look into the hungry faces of lonely children, many of them orphans who are living with their fathers and mothers. With their love—hungry eyes they plead for bread and receive a stone, they ask for a fish and are offered instead a serpent,—the serpents of passion and indulgence.

Our city streets echo wifh the listless steps of young men and women that are nerveless members of the body politic, moral despondents. Boys and girls whose *needs* so over-reach their *resources* that their wants crush their aspirations and check their longings, and instead of being the light of the street, the life of the home, the radiance in the church and the redeeming potency in the state, they are the anxiety of the home, the chilling influence in the church and the dead weight that hangs around the neck of the state. Unless we can build the fires of earnestness in the soul, touch the life with religious consecration, unless we can feed the spirit with the high ideals that mellow into reverence, it is not "well with the child." Not until the spirit has a growing sense of kinship with the beautiful and good, not until the soul is taught to unfold its wings and know something of aspiration and praise does it become the soul of a man, —a soul, indeed. Culture itself is the direct outcome of the moral and religious nature of the child. I say "moral *and* religious," for the two terms though perhaps separable in thought cannot be successfully separated in life. To attempt to do so is to destroy both. When religion leaves morality behind, as it too often does, it becomes a delusion and a snare, a thing of spasm and exclamation, a selfish panic or an equally selfish ecstacy, both of them debilitating and demoralizing. And on the other hand when morality weaves its fabric without the life and light which religion gives, without the adoration and humility, the aspiration and faith that springs out of the religious nature of man, it becomes perchance a stately building, chaste but cold, a deserted temple, impotent as the stones in the walls. Ethics

s alive only when conscience is aglow. When life is on fire with the divine enthusiasm of heaven then the divine marriage between religion and morals is consummated. Then and there let the holy pronunciation be uttered, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

We have not done our duty by our children until we have done our utmost to surround them with the best moral influences, to strengthen them with the highest religious instructions within our power and to lead them on lines that are vitalizing by going that way ourselves. Morals are peculiarly contagious, life is communicated by life. Sincerity and simplicity are not transmitted by *precept* but by *example*.

"Whisper the word of God to the child," said Jean Paul Richter, "in the presence of the sublime and the majestic." "In the presence of things calm and soothing," said George McDonald, and we would add, "In the presence of the beauty, the familiar graces, the homely sanctities, the pansy, the swallow, the purring cat, the faithful dog, the gentle horse, the sleeping babe, a father's hug and a mother's kiss." To fail to do this for our children is to fail to fit them for the best things in poetry and in painting. It is to fail to prepare them for the truths of science, for the responsibilities of statecraft and the perplexities of the home. To fail to do this is to perhaps effectually, permanently rob them of the higher graces of manhood and womanhood. The child has a right to a wholesome enthusiasm in life more than to wealth. He has a right to convictions more than to knowledge, and it is not well with the child who misses these. And the poverty of the child thus bereft will be laid at the feet of the indifferent parent who places a Sunday dinner above the Sunday benediction, who chooses the ride rather than the lesson, the bicycle to the sermon, the morning paper to the school and the church that seeks to shape the moral and religious nature of the child in such a way that it may find eternity in time and heaven on earth.

The impressible years are few. They pass away rapidly from our homes. These are the years that will bless or curse the future of our children. "Sing to me a bairnie's song," said a great Scotch philosopher on his death-bed. "Now I lay me down to sleep," was the prayer which the honored president, John Adams, never forgot to repeat, for it was that which his mother taught his infant lips to lisp.

Let parents make the most of their opportunities; let them give to their children these higher graces, so that when life's feverish struggle draws to a close and the perplexities of the world grow simple, and the mystery is deepened by the dawning of a larger day, our children may again hear the gentle lullaby, the high sweet lullaby sung by the sighing night winds, sung in the soothing silence of the midnight air. If "it is well with the child," we are preparing it for this lullaby of the grave as well as the lullaby of the cradle.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Each in His Own Tongue.

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,—
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,—
The infinite, tender sky,—
The ripe, rich tint of the corn-fields,
And the wild geese sailing high,—
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,—
A mother starved for her brood,—
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod,—
Some call it consecration,
And others call it God.

—WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH, in the November *New England Magazine*.

Cuba, Hawaii, and Our National Duty.

BY LEWIS G. JANES.

My friend "E. P. P." writes so easily and admirably, and usually so understandingly and convincingly, on topics of political science and enlightened public policy, that it is with regret that I am compelled to take issue with him on the matters treated in his article on "Our National Duty," in UNITY of Oct. 17th. The policy which he advocates savors too much of a "jingoism" to be acceptable to one who has the real prosperity of our country, as well as justice to the other nations whose interests are involved, at heart. I fear our friend has omitted to give his usual careful consideration to some of the matters involved in this discussion. It is admitted, for example, that the immigration problem is one of the most serious with which we are now called upon to deal. Already public opinion has forced upon Congress the duty of passing stringent laws for the regulation and restriction of immigration, and one entire class, the Chinese, have been forbidden access to this country as immigrants and residents. It is well known that the so-called "Republican" government of Hawaii was constituted for the express purpose of negotiating with the United States with the ultimate object of annexation. "E. P. P." does not expressly advocate the annexation of Hawaii, but he does so impliedly, and he certainly cannot be aware that this purpose is still cherished by the ruling cotorie of American adventurers who now have possession of the Hawaiian government. But with what consistency could we shut out the Chinese from immigration rights with one hand, while with the other we annex them by wholesale, twenty thousand of them being residents of the islands, to say nothing of an equal number of Japanese, and half as many more ignorant half-caste Portuguese? And are the native Hawaiians, morally the owners of the islands, not to be consulted at all in this matter? There are still thirty thousand left of this interesting people who, with some of the weaknesses of the South Sea Islander, possess some notable virtues. The entire history of their contact with European and American civilization is a tragedy for the results of which we as a people have no reason to be proud. The final overthrow of the native dynasty, and the establishment of an alleged "Republic" by a small minority of the population—less than two thousand by a recent census—was the culminating outrage of a long series of outrages, which find their only analogies in our treatment of the Indian and the negro. As a patriotic American and a student of political and ethnological science, I deem it a positive loss to the world to have this people deprived of the right and opportunity to work out their own salvation. Morally, the natives stand today head and shoulders above the domineering faction of greedy foreigners who have violated their autonomy and dispossessed them by force of the government of their choice.

I personally know those who value the acquaintance and friendship of the late queen, Liliuokalani, whose character has been traduced with characteristic "bravery" by the advocates of the present "Republican" government. I have read her letters, which show her to be a woman of good education, and which manifest a commendable spirit of forgiveness for all personal injuries inflicted by her enemies. For one, I thank President Cleveland for endeavoring to save us from the disgrace of connivance with the pilferers of Hawaii.

In Cuba, too, we have a population alien to the spirit of our own people,—ignorant, priest-ridden, incapable of self-government, I fear. I admit the fact of their oppression by Spain, but I question the policy of meddling with the present quarrel, or of taking Cuba, even as a gift, into our brotherhood of States. The most dishonorable period in our history was that of the filibustering era, in the fifties,—the era of the Ostend Manifesto, the Lopez and Walker expeditions and the movement for Hawaiian annexation, all in the interest of chattel slavery. The present revival of this jingo spirit, though no longer in the interest of slavery, is equally dictated by a low, grasping purpose to exploit these fair islands for pecuniary gain, without regard for the desires of those who are their real owners.

Nor can I deem it other than a gross misinterpretation of the purpose of the fathers, to advocate this policy of aggression under cover of the Monroe Doctrine. This doctrine, as originally stated in the celebrated message of President Monroe, and as understood by the leading statesmen of the time, was in entire accord with the spirit of Washington's farewell address, which cautioned us against entangling alliances and unnecessary controversies with foreign nations. The president's pledge of non-interference on our part with the affairs of European nations and their colonial dependencies in this country, gave force and dignity to his warning that we should consider any interference on their part with the liberty and autonomy of the natives in these two continents, and that we should regard any further attempts at colonization, as acts unfriendly to the United States. If we forsake this high ground and stretch unclean hands toward these beautiful islands of the southern and western seas, we shall do so in violation of the true spirit of the Monroe Doctrine, and we shall forfeit our right of future protest against the rapacity of European nations.

The New Preaching.

BY A. B. MC M.

During the last month and almost at the same time, four great religious gatherings were held in different parts of the country. The Episcopalians met in Triennial General Convention at Minneapolis; the Congregationalists, first in Triennial General Council at Saratoga, and later in the American Board Meeting at Brooklyn; the Unitarians in National Conference at Washington. A striking feature of all four conventions was the interested and active participation in them of laymen. Men turned from their labors in politics, literature or commerce to join with the clergy in discussing every question of importance. And, not only did they show that they were equal to the trained theologians in the discussion of matters of creed and of church polity, but in many cases it was the lay word that proved to have the greatest carrying power in the outside world, and to indicate that the church is beginning to concern itself with a new class of subjects. This new preaching, in which laymen bear so large and worthy a part, takes its text from facts, and has for its aim to bring about a better state of things in the world here and now. Thus, at the National Conference of Unitarians, when one distinguished minister had presented the "History and Principles of the Unitarian Church in Relation to Social Problems," and other ministers had discussed it, the audience manifested its wish to hear from Labor Commissioner Carroll D. Wright, and his response, in a short, extemporaneous speech was most significant of the new quality of religious discussion. He said:

"In the pulpit where I preach, it is my duty to furnish facts on which the gentlemen who occupy other pulpits are to make the ethical deductions, or as one speaker has so aptly put it, these facts are of no vitality and have no force until they are electrified by the spirit of religion and a religion which reaches out and embraces the whole welfare of humanity. The more this question (the labor question) is studied, the more we find that instead of reaching a solution we are getting deeper and deeper into the complications which come of higher intelligence. The consolation is that we are continually stepping from bad conditions into better ones, and that we are able to recognize it."

Mr. Wright is so well known as a tabulator of facts, that when he sees fit to make general comments upon what may be properly regarded as the result of his long study, his attitude is entitled to great attention. Therefore it is gratifying to find that, unlike the majority of writers and speakers, he is not disposed to take a pessimistic view of the present industrial situation. He defined the labor question to be, "the struggle of humanity for higher and better conditions—a struggle for a higher standard of life." Although disclaiming his own ability, or the ability of any man to "solve" the labor problem, nevertheless he insisted it is our right and duty to discuss it in order that greater light may come.

These, and other speeches that might be cited, indicate the practical trend of the new theology and the decline of the supremacy of the metaphysical; its preachers enjoin that we shall meet its questions without haste, but also without rest. Ethics cannot be discussed rightly apart from economics, economics cannot be discussed rightly apart from its relations to ethics. Industrial and social problems have to do not only with the physical man, with the things that feed and clothe him, but they have also to do with his intellectual, and above all with his spiritual well-being.

All the signs of the times indicate that this is an age of reaction from theological speculation in favor of ethical activity. The pressing questions are, "How can we better the world? What methods can we adopt? How can human life be raised to such an ideal standard that a 'solution' may come?" Even the pet panaceas of each reformer, however inadequate in themselves, may not be wholly vain since they are the signs and symptoms of a great spiritual reawakening, far-reaching in its effect, which touching now a few will come in time to touch, more or less, the lives of all men.

The New Pulpit.

Extract from a paper read by Elinor E. Gordon, of Sioux City, Iowa, at the Iowa State Conference.

Are we justified in saying that modern life has no need of the pulpit? Are we warranted in concluding that one by one its functions have been taken away until as teacher, consoler, inspirer, it is no longer needed? Has modern society, that more and more tends to differentiate itself into special functions, rendered unnecessary this important factor in the moral and religious life of the past? We are not alone in making such inquiries.

"Is there such a thing as history?" asks Professor Mary Sheldon Barnes in the July number of the Annals of the American Academy. "After we have taken out political science, sociology, ethnology and the comparative study of literature, arts and laws, does anything remain that we may call history?"

As illustration, take the past of the Greek nation. The philologist works his life out on the dialects; the archæologist grubs at Delphi, and from long buried foundations and remains reconstructs life on its material side. The sociologist dissects the social and political structure while the student of art finds food for thought in every scrap of old Greek marble. And yet, in a general way, these specialists deal with and elucidate historical facts as if there were some large inclusive unit called history.

What then is this inclusive unit which makes the buried tombs, the varying dialects, the Greek marbles historic as well as archæologic, philologic and aesthetic? That large inclusive unit is the story of progressive action.

The special scholar gives us details. The ethnologist, philologist and so on bring stone and wood. It is for the historian to build, to gather these studies on Greek dialects, Greek antiquities, Greek art into one proportioned and related whole:—the history of the Greek. He is not to repeat what they tell but to relate it. To the historian the Greek is what all these specialists say he is, but he is also far more. He is besides all these things, and because he is all these, the citizen of Marathon, the support of Pericles, the forlorn hope of the Greek leagues, the listener of Socrates.

Have we not here at least a hint of an answer to our question? The pulpit is not to teach political economy, literature, or even certain doctrines, it is to interpret life as a whole. Its office is to help to establish the right proportion in all the manifold interests and claims of modern life. The large inclusive unit that includes all these special interests is religion. From business and professional life, from the home and school life come the elements that make up the great whole and it must be the minister's work to so relate these elements that in and through them all the religious impulse is never lost sight of. It is rather his business to deepen and strengthen this impulse than to dictate as to certain concrete manifestations of it. For this reason it is wiser and more effective for him to take as a subject for his morning sermon "Honesty" rather than "Free Silver," "Justice" rather than "Political Equality," "Temperance" rather than "Prohibition" or the "Gutenberg System," "Fellowship and Fraternity" rather than "The Tariff." This must be the rule, but there are times when the only brave and honorable thing to do, is to speak in words of no uncertain sound in regard to certain conditions of society. But these are the occasional times. The supreme office of the Sunday morning sermon is to inspire the soul and to make it strong for the work of the coming week. In this respect the new pulpit differs from the old only in degree, for no one can read the history of the last two hundred years without recognizing the fact that the old pulpit inspired its hearers to deeds of self-sacrifice and heroism, but while this is true, its great mission was to instruct. The great mass of these old sermons as we read them today are actual and exegetic.

But there is one supreme difference between the old and the new pulpit and that is in the interpretation of the word *religion*. The function of the new pulpit as of the old is to teach religion, but what a breadth and depth of meaning the word has today that it did not have in the old thought.

Religion, as the new pulpit uses the word, is world-wide and eternity-long in its application. This may seem a commonplace to us but unfortunately with many people it is not. For many people, religion is yet a word confined to certain words and phrases, to one book and to one day. There are yet many men and women in our Unitarian churches who would consider that their children were studying religion if they were learning the dimensions of the ark, or the exact number slain in the Philistine wars, but who would be grieved if the sacred half hour of Sunday-school time were spent in reading and commenting upon Whittier's Eternal Goodness or who would speak of 35th Psalm as sacred and of Pope's Universal Prayer as secular.

The minister of the new pulpit not only makes religion the inclusive word but he speaks of religion in a natural tone of voice and in plain, simple English. To say that the average minister preaches over the heads of his hearers is not necessarily saying that he is more learned than they are. It may mean that the minister's learning has not yet become a part of his soul fibre, but is only plastered on the outside, awaiting absorption and assimilation. The daily prayer of the minister who aspires to occupy the new pulpit should be, "Help me to be simple and direct but keep me from being commonplace!"

It has been said that "Faith built Cathedrals but opinions are not equal to such tasks." It is possible that the new pulpit with its more critical spirit will not generate the enthusiasm that will rear great piles of stone and glass, making them the expression of their religious fervor. But may we not hope that united with its clearer vision there will be such earnestness of purpose that it will help to build that more enduring cathedral, even the ideal of noble character that, ever seeking to express itself in the lives of men and women will go on a living force in the world after York and Canterbury are a mass of mouldering ruins. If the new pulpit makes this building of noble character its aim, it will prove itself worthy its heritage and faithful to its divine mission.

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The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain: lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

Incarnation.

An address given by W. C. Gannett, at the National Unitarian Conference, in Washington, Oct. 24, 1895.

The great affirmation of religion is that God and man are in essence one. All forms of anthropomorphism, all types of incarnation, are but varied expressions of this one affirmation. God and man are in essence one; in its low and far beginnings Religion said *that*, when it personified the powers of the sky and the storm and the sea, when it told their biographies in personal myths and legends, when it carved their faces with human features and gave them perhaps a hundred human hands, when it endowed them with all of the human vices and some of the human virtues. This we call anthropomorphism. Man could not do otherwise; he cannot do otherwise. He *has* to imagine, to image, the invisible in terms of the visible, the unknown in terms of the known. He has to think of the power without in terms of the power within, that is, in terms of self-consciousness. Though we will to mask the process by refusing to christen the image in the mind, no less it is there,—the image; and the image is always a personal one; dimmed away perhaps into vagueness, shredded away perhaps into fragments; the human only approximated, it may be, as when Egypt, singling out some part or quality of the human for the god, divinized cats and rams and bulls; but always and everywhere man has had to think of, still has to think of—that is, to mentally image, —the unknown powers in terms of self-consciousness. Do we call them "impersonal?" Try as we may to disguise it, the impersonal is still the imp of the personal. One way or another, therefore, man always makes God in his own image. The Genesis verse, where God says, "Let us make men in our image," only states the same truth the other way round.

The belief in Incarnation is but one form of this anthropomorphism. Given the god and grant him the wish to make himself visible, he must choose between rock, tree, brute and man,—or these enlarged to their greatest: let the rock stand for the sky and the star and the mountain and sea. According to the chronicles of human religion, the powers have chosen all these forms of self-manifestation. But when they would manifest themselves at their fullest of being, inevitably they have climbed into *manhood*. They could not do otherwise, because, so far as we have yet explored either earth or the heavens or the hells, we find, or at least we are able to recognize, nothing above human semblances. The very archangels are our saints, with wings, and the very devils are our "bosses", with horns. If we knew anything higher than man, our gods would have taken that higher form. As it is, they have to content themselves with the human.

So here and there over the earth we find these theophanies—the gods becoming man, as men have believed. Of all the lands whereon they have lit in flesh, the lands of the Hindu and the Greek have given, perhaps, the most gracious examples. "In Vishnu land, what avatar?" asks Browning, in his poem, of Waring the traveler. For in Vishnu land the god has not done arriving; he is still breaking forth in the flesh, as many a time before he has come;—now as the fish that saved the good Manu at the time of the deluge, and now as the tortoise that supported the world in the churning throes of creation, and now as the man-lion who routed the demon-king, and now and again in some favorite hero of legend, and most of all in the good Krishna,—he of miraculous birth and the shepherd companions, he who, in the Bhagavad Ghita, proclaims himself the Supreme, the Redeemer; in all his incarnations, gentle, humane, self-sacrificing, and a god that bringeth salvation. So with the Buddhas, who from the mystic other-world emerge as man, whenever this world needs redemption. Four and twenty times had they come before *our* Buddha appeared; and already in Thibet the worshipers worship the unborn Buddhas elect who are yet to come in the flesh, named and known in advance from their future feats of salvation. The Orient loves incarnation, and has what it loves. Only forty-five years ago the Incarnate God was executed in Persia. His title there was the Bab, or "Gate,"—the young prophet whose lofty morality, whose charm of personal presence, whose power to inspire lowly followers to be heroes and martyrs of faith, whose fate after six years of teaching, whose idealization in legend after his death and before, are such as correlates all to the story we love so well,—as Estlin Carpenter has just been reminding us. Only three years ago the Bab's successor died in Acre, again the Incarnate God, as his followers call him.

But more familiar to us are the incarnations of Greece. "Imitate God" was the conscious aspiration and maxim of Plato, but "Let the gods imitate man" was the unconscious law by which the ancient myths of Plato's race had already constructed themselves. God's manlikeness was fundamental in the Greed mind. Coleridge's phrase, "the fair *humanities* of old religions," was right both in its noun and its adjective for the Greek religion of old. Very human the maidens that glance in the forest and stream; very human allies haste from the skies to aid the heroes of Homer's tales of the battle; and the marble statues that glowed in the shrines of the temples and lined the Greek streets tell what the average Greek would hardly have been surprised to meet in the flesh—had he not been brought up on the stories of incarnation? And here was the story in marble. That scene, in Acts, of the hill-town in Asia Minor, where the two apostles were taken, the old man for Zeus and the young man for Hermes, and barely escaped from the sacrifice offered them,—and then barely escaped being sacrificed,—is doubtless a glimpse of the mind of ten thousand towns of the time. And what shall we say to the apotheosis of the Roman emperors as another glimpse at the incarnation capacities of the time in which Christianity rose? It has been described as a "popular religion" of the provinces in the second century,—that deification of the man who as emperor embodied the power and the majesty of Rome, the god-man of Rome with altars and temples and priesthoods dedicated to him.

And now we must come to our own Christian religion, which, *because* it is a lofty religion, has emphasized as no other religion on earth has done, the man-likeness of God. Even when we name God "Our Father," we humanize him. But it is only a small part of Christendom that, outside of the prayer of Jesus, prays to "Our Father" by name; so small a part that practically we may say, *the God of Christendom is a man.*

How came it to be so? The half-familiar story can be told in three years, or three moments. Shall we try to hint it once more in the moment way? It is a story of the meeting and blending of two great rivers of thought. One was the Jewish dream of a *Christ*,—a Prophet-King, who would deliver the people from the oppressor, and lift them up to righteousness and glory, and establish the kingdom of heaven on earth. It was the old national dream, springing from the older, and deathless, faith that the Jews were God's "chosen people." The other stream of thought was Greek. All around Jewry lay the bright Greek world. That world, too, had its old religion; but in the time of Jesus the old faiths were dying and dropping from the mind like brown leaves from the trees in November. In their place monotheistic philosophies were rising; and one idea among the Greek thinkers was that God created all things by His *Logos*, His Living Word. It is easy to think of a word as projected outside of the uttering mind, and having operant force of its own; easy from this to personify that word as living; easy then, if it be God's Word, to conceive of it as a secondary God, acting as Creator, Inspirer and Providence. We ought not to find the idea hard to understand, if we think we understand our Emerson's phrase, "The good laws are *alive*," or his line, "And *conscious law* is king of kings." This Logos idea for the Greek had its rise in old Platonic and Stoic sources; but Philo, the Greek-minded Jew of Alexandria, living when Jesus lived, gave it clearest expression and vogue. Now when Paul bore Christianity out into the Greek world,—thereby saving it from being a tiny Jewish sect of which we might never have heard,—the "Christ" he preached was already in his mind a being far above a merely Jewish Christ; he was a new Adam, the Image of God, a universal Christ. And Greeks who heard of this Christ soon began to say, "This is no other than our Creative Word of God *made flesh* and come on the earth as Man." So Jewish "Christ" and Greek "Word" began to blend into one being—and *in that blending the God of Christendom was born!* In that blending the God of Christendom was born. The Jew had furnished the human, the Greek had furnished the divine element; the Jew furnished the ethical, the Greek the functional element; the Jew furnished the historic and temporal, the Greek furnished the transcendent and eternal element of the new god. Jew gave him body, Greek gave him soul. The figure is Jew, the transfiguration is Greek. Son of man, Jew,—Son of God, Greek. *Both* parts were essential to the "Incarnation." An august ancestry!

The Gospel of "John," so-called, the Greek Gospel of the four and the latest written, is the biography of this new Jesus. It is one of the books of the world's unsparable scripture, but we seek in vain for a Sermon on the Mount or for parables of the Kingdom of Heaven: its emphasis is not, as in them, on morals and life, but on the person of the Christ, the Word and Light of God, that "lighteth every man who cometh into the world," and that at last took flesh and dwelt among men, full of grace and glory. As years went by, the emphasis upon the person of the Christ grew greater. John's Gospel shows the thought as it was, perhaps, about the year 125. Justin Martyr, a generation later than that, expands the thought a little, dwelling more than John upon the spiritual and essential Christ, of whom every race partakes: Abraham and Socrates were Christians in virtue of the indwelling Christ, to whom they were obedient. The year 200 comes, and the word *trias* —a little later, in Tertullian's Latin, *trinitas*, is dropping into Christian theology, though as yet with a very embryonic meaning; and Clement is teaching that Christ is

the immanent God enstructured in the constitution of the world, enstructured in the human soul,—Redemption being the progressive education of the human race by this indwelling Teacher. The year 250, or thereabouts, brings Origen with his momentous and far-reaching phrase, "the eternal generation of the Son"; it brings Sabellius, teaching that Father, Son and Holy Spirit are but three forms or aspects of the One; and it brings into Christian theology, but only to be repudiated at this time, the star-word, *homoousios*. And the year 325 brings the Council of Nicæa, in which the doctrine of the Trinity flowers full-calyxed, and *homoousios* ("same-natured," "con-substantial") becomes the test of orthodoxy and Christ is henceforth "very God of very God." And the Trinity was but a midway point in the mighty speculation! What is the nature of the Christ; how is he perfect Man, yet perfect God; has he two natures, or but one; has he two wills, or only one; over such problems the Greek Christian world thought and wrote and quarreled for three centuries more. Council after council met to settle them, and met in vain.

And what is our comment on this birth-story of Christendom's God, so much more wondrous to thought than the shining Christmas stories that make the pearl-gate into the Gospels,—what is our comment to-day, after fifteen hundred years and in the light of the evolution idea? The comment looks in two directions. One way is this: Be the doctrine what we call true or what we call false, *it is well for the world that Athanasius won the field of Nicaea.* Well for three reasons, at least:

(1) His triumph *made God real*,—the Infinite, Absolute, Unknown God—no less being than that—real, real as a person,—real as sandals on feet and tunic on body and look in the eyes and words from the lip could make him; real, too, as goodness,—real, too, as love.

"The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving, too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of mine,—
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!'
The madman saith He said so: it is strange."

So writeth Browning's "Karshish"; so say we with him, "Strange", and fact or not, a blessed faith for that time's need. It was an immense equipment of faith for Europe to start on the stormy centuries that followed the break-up of the Roman Empire with a good God as solid as Incarnation had made him.

(2) Athanasius' victory made the *unity of God and Man real.* This was in truth the great point at issue, the unity of God and Man,—not the unity of God with Christ as an individual. Men often fight, as they build, better than they know. The Christ was very Man of very Man, as well as very God of very God. In him the *whole race stood*, when the signers signed at Nicæa their names below that word *Homoousios*, "Consubstantial," God and Son of God one in their nature. It is really much more to say *one with* than *like to*; it takes one into the family; it is the difference between the kin and the guest. And that is a difference almost worth quarreling over. Had Arius triumphed, Man as represented in Christ would have stood outside of God's being, the guest of his welcome, not the child of his inmost nature. Again we must own, it was a great equipment for faith to enter the stormy centuries of Europe's re-making, with this fact—God and Man one—locked fast in its creed. Even if the casket were as seldom unlocked for inspection of contents as the shrine that held the bone of a saint, the bone, the sacred fact, was there, dimly believed in, some day to kindle with resurrection.

A third gain should be credited to the Incarnation belief, though perhaps an Arian victory would have been as good as the Athanasian for *this* end: the belief in the Incarnation of God in Christ has made it forever impossible that any character less good than that of Jesus should be accepted as symbol of Christendom's God. The Father *must* be as good as the Son,—and we know *He* was good. The Father must be as good as the Son whom we know: the words are simple, the thought is deep and far-reaching; for to make God as good as his saints is to put the axe to the root of a good many dogmas.

This then is half of our comment: it is well for the world that Christendom's God was born as the God-man. The other half of our comment is this,—that the whole story is a *kindergarten* story. The great central doctrine of Christendom, God incarnate in Christ, is but an *object lesson* in the kindergarten of faith. It puts a vast truth in the concrete form in which minds can most readily take it. The vaster a fact, the truer a truth, the more we need the symbol, the type, the object lesson to represent it. If the symbol is not given us, we make one for ourselves,—we as individuals, we as the race. It is another psychological law, akin to the law with whose statement this paper began. You remember Tennyson's words, touching this very theme of ours in his musical way:

"Where Truth in closest words shall fail,
The Truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef. * *

See, thou that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And ev'n for want of such a type."

Is this saying that the central dogma of Christendom is an error,—an age-long, world-wide mistake? Yes, if the object lesson is taken as literal history and the whole of the fact, its rounded and final statement. So is any kindergarten story an error taken in that way. If *not* taken so, then *No*, not a mistake. The trouble is that of our theologies we like not to say "kindergarten,"—whereas theology is nothing *but* kindergarten statements. That, when we know it, is what makes it safe to have a theology. Till we do know it, it hardly is safe, though inevitable. And certainly too long, and too widely still, Christendom's kindergarten story has been taken to cover the whole of the fact of Incarnation. Even where it is not so taken, the advent of the God-Man as unique historic fact there in Palestine eighteen centuries since, is the center of faith as held by many of the wisest and best that we know,—by such men as Phillips Brooks, to name one for type. By no means does a man like Brooks hold that Christ was the whole of the Incarnation. All the thoughtful orthodox theologians are saying today, I suppose, that the Incarnation not only revealed God to man, but *man* to *himself*, *his* oneness in nature with God. They are making return to the gospel of Origen, Clement, Justin and John,—that the same Word that took flesh in Jesus is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. It is the old Stoic gospel of the immanent God, the *pre*-Christian gospel, which they are returning to with stress and delight. It is saying much the same thing to say that a new Christ is emerging in orthodoxy, the human within the divine; it is Christ the All-Manly, Christ the All-Brotherly. "All-Manly" means character; "All-Brotherly" means daily service. And more than ever his true worship is felt to be imitation. "*Be* a Christ! Everything is summed up in that," cries Mr. Stead, and many an orthodox heart amens. None the less, or rather all the more in virtue of this participation in incarnation by men, allowed by the new orthodoxy, is it true, as we were reminded last night, that the orthodox theology is becoming more and more Christo-centric. And this means that the Palestine Incarnation is still held as center of faith by those wisest and best just referred to. So what shall we do? We must choose. The Incarnation as held by friends is either actual, localized, dated, historic fact, as they say, or else it is a kindergarten statement of a fact that transcends history,—an object lesson which the mind of man made for itself at that wonderful era, and in which it has ever since faced, hardly knowing it, the dim outline of the greatest of all truths.

Now just what the light of evolution gives us is the power, to some of us the necessity, of looking at old doctrines in this latter way. It is no longer a question of "error" *versus* "truth." Priestley, a hundred years ago, could treat of the dogmas that rose around the Sermon on the Mount and its preacher as the "corruptions" of Christianity. *We* cannot speak that way. The Nicene Creed rose as naturally, I would almost say, as grandly, in the mind of man, as the Beatitudes rose in his heart. Jesus would have been amazed at it, to be sure; but bring him across the years, set him down in the Darwin century, train him a bit in its thought, then bid him look back to Alexandria and Nicæa and their incarnation-feat over his memory, and I think *he* would have recognized that feat's true nature,—*parable work!* He was a great kindergartner himself in his method, and I think he would know an object lesson in history, when he saw one. In every case—is that any too strong a statement?—in every case where an old orthodox doctrine differs from the later form of that doctrine, the earlier form is the concrete, dramatic "object lesson," the "kindergarten" form, of the truth aimed at, while our later form is some larger statement of the same fact or law, of which the object lesson now appears as parable or symbol. *Now* appears,—of course it did not so appear then when men first wrought it in a sad sincerity as the verity of God. It is thus with the Incarnation doctrine, thus with Vicarious Atonement, thus with Original Sin, thus with Election, thus with all the old dogmas of Christendom, formulated three hundred and fifteen years ago. In each and every case the difference between the earlier and the later form is not so much the difference between error and truth as men have been wont to think; it is much more the difference between the concrete and the universal, the illustration and the law. No, the true name for orthodoxy is *not* "error,"—any more than it is "right-thinking." It is no good omen for Unitarianism when Unitarians break into applause over bright slurs upon orthodoxy: is that all the *acumen* we have,—not to say, all the heart?

I hardly know whether orthodox friends, however, will like the word "kindergarten" better than "error." It sounds less hostile

but more patronizing; and patronage is harder to forgive than hostility. And yet I suspect that many of them, so expansive is their own thought today, will thank you for suggesting it. It covers the case, as they themselves recognize the case; that is, it is a word that leaves their old thought *true*, but their new thought *truer*; this the large of which that was the small. And we all like to find we have grown, as long as we don't have to call our childhood an "error." So I recommend you to try the word—*gently!* I have tried it, and really thought it gave some orthodox friends relief. It is psychological and illuminating.

The crown of my paper ought to be an answer to the question, What is the larger form of the incarnation thought, of which the Palestine Incarnation is the concrete illustration? I have short time to hint it. The object lesson, be it said, has much work yet to do in the world. Nevertheless it is beginning to fade by expansion into the larger truth. This larger truth, of course, is *God incarnate in humanity*. It is the old pre-Christian, stoic truth, *immensely intensified and deepened and ennobled by the eighteen centuries of Christendom's object lesson*. I spoke of the help that orthodoxy is already giving in the new interpretation of the truth, and I cannot but think that its part is destined to be far larger than ours in the beautiful transfiguration; for we are a very small body,—and will be, if true to our principles. They should still lead us onward and give us our home, as before, among visions that must wait to be popular. But in simplest truth we may say that the larger incarnation is the central truth of Unitarianism, even as the smaller incarnation has been the central truth of the older Christianity; and that no *one* soul in modern time has been so eminent a prophet of this grander meaning as our own Channing. The distinctive faith of Unitarianism has never been its thought of God, although that gives us name; it has been our thought of man. It is our faith in the dignity of human nature. When this faith in the dignity of human nature comes full circle, it is faith in the intellectual and moral unity of God and man. It thus rounds again into a thought of God and gives us back the Incarnation doctrine in nobler form than ever,—God incarnate in humanity, not merely in the one man, Jesus. This, I suppose, is what Dr. Hedge had in mind, when he said that Unitarianism would better have been named "Humanitarianism." It certainly is the faith which Channing calls his "one sublime idea." "One sublime idea has taken hold of my mind; it is the greatness of the soul, its divinity, its union with God by spiritual likeness." "In ourselves are elements of the Divinity." "All minds are of one family." One could quote passage after passage: it is Channing's constant emphasis. Emerson has it, of course, at the height of his ethical rapture: "If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God; the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God do enter into that man with justice."

God incarnate in man, in humanity! Break the thought into syllables: this very *body* of ours, its blood and its bone and its mystic nerve, the holy microcosm to his macrocosm; our *mind* thinking out His thoughts inbreathed, inspired in us,—He the Raphael behind Raphael, the Newton behind Newton, the Edison behind Edison; His justice, His right organizing itself in the instincts of *conscience*, the whispers and thunders of *ought*; He becoming incarnate in Garrison, incarnate in Frances Willard and their armies of followers, incarnate in myriads of saints, hung upon many a cross; His heart of *love* beating in mothers and fathers and children, making two one the wide world over of life, and out of the oneness again repeopling His worlds; and waking in hearts here and there "love for every unloved creature, lonely, poor or small," and so setting new ideals, new incarnations of love at work in the world. "In thy face have I seen the Eternal," said dying Bunsen looking up in the face of his wife bending over him. He spoke for millions of living. "God could not be everywhere, so he made mothers," said the old Jewish proverb with splendid audacity,—voicing the fact of his incarnation that way. In the "Bonnie Briar Bush" book you remember how the poor girl comes home from her wayward London life to her hard, proud, righteous, heartbroken father in the home in the Highlands, and how she afterwards says to Marget, the wise woman-friend who sent for her, hinting the broken heart,—"It iss a peety you hef not the Gaelic," Flora said; "it is the best of all languages for loving. There are fifty words for darling, and my father will be calling me every one that night I come home." "Fifty words for darling"--and God put them all into just his one Gaelic tongue, an almost dead language at that, and into just a single softened heart: "fifty words for darling," and the Father of all trying to utter them every one in his millions of parents.

All this is mystic, is pantheistic, I know. Well, let it be so; the doctrine of Incarnation is always mystic, always verges on pantheism, whether that be a bad or a good thing; and this is the new-old doctrine of Incarnation,—God in humanity. I know, too, that there is the fact of evil in man, and the conundrum waiting in ambush, Is the good God incarnate in evil? I shall just pass it by for now, only turning in passing towards the evolution thought that has some light to throw on that problem. This new form of the doctrine calls Incarnation continuous, progressive, ascendant, as well as universal. It recognizes *grades* of projection of the Word into the visible flesh. It recognizes lower and higher. The brute and the cousins below him, the angel and the cousins above him, come into the scope of the plan. It takes all nature, all history, and all of humanity to reveal the whole of the God. One can insist, if he will, on a foolish question, "But who *best* embodies the God?" And the answer of course is, the best man,—if you know his name. But you do not, for you do not know all God has done and is doing in history; and therefore the question is foolish. But answered or not, the great fact is—Incarnation universal, continuous, perpetual, progressive. The true church of the Incarnation is the Church of All Souls.

This is *human theology*. Today there is a conscious, deliberate, scientific exploration of human nature to find man, and the result of the exploration is also the discovery of God. Of this human theology the poets as yet are the best interpreters. It is good to rise above differing doctrines to poetry that solves them and makes them as one; to poetry that knows doctrines to be lower forms of itself. The old theology argued too often, or tried to, from God to man; this human theology argues from man to the God. We find it of old in Jesus, who argued in both ways. We can find it today in the prose of professors and preachers. But we find it perhaps at its clearest in simple verses like Whittier's or Blake's. Who can forget the sounding rhythms of Browning,—his "Saul," and how the argument climbs at the end, proving God's love from the man's?

"Do *I* find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
That I doubt his own love can compete with it? Here the parts shift?
Here, the creature surpass the creator,—the end, what began? * *
Would *I* suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—so wilt thou!
So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown—
And thy love fill infinitude wholly! * *
'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"

It is the boy-prophet's vision of the God who is Infinite Man, his chant of the Incarnation potential. But we will close with lines that are simpler and larger still,—verses that once I found pinned at the end of Theodore Parker's last sermon, the one in which he told "What Religion may Do for a Man." With these in his heart he left his people, and died. The verses were not printed with the sermon; perhaps strength did not allow him to read them; but there they wait in the manuscript, attesting his thought, if he could not return, to have them his last words. They are by William Blake, "the mad poet," whose madness named them,

THE DIVINE IMAGE.

To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
Is God our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
Is man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine—
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In Heathen, Turk or Jew.
Where Mercy, Love and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling, too.

THE mother and eldest sister of Mr. J. M. Barrie, who were recently laid side by side in the cemetery on the hill overlooking Kirriemuir, were, it is authoritatively announced, the originals of *Jess* and *Leeby* in "A Window in Thrums." "Once again, as it happens," says *The Edinburgh Despatch*, in commenting on the fact, "we find that fact is stranger, even in its pathos, than fiction. For touching the closing chapters of life were as devised for *Jess* and *Leeby* by the novelist who has made them ours, the actual circumstances of their death are more touching and tender still. The daughter, slowly dying on her feet, nursed the mother till she could nurse no more; and the mother, needing no more nursing, died, not knowing, perhaps scarcely even suspecting, that her daughter had but a few hours gone before her out of this world into the next. Even here they hardly said good-by."

ANCIENT clocks and watches often have interesting histories, but few have probably gone through stranger vicissitudes than that which was the other day brought up from the bottom of the sea when the port of Swinemünde was dragged. The large clock is perfectly well preserved, and has a marvelous chime. It bears on its face the inscription, "O REX GLE. XTE. VENI CV. PACE," which, translated is, "O Christ, King of glory, come with thy peace." Two human figures are carved on the clock, one presumably representing St. Nicholas and the other St. Catherine. It is supposed that in the Thirty Years' War (1618-48) this clock fell into the hands of the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus, and that the barge in which they sailed was wrecked and went to the bottom.—*The Westminster Gazette.*

The Home

"Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way."

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—In every good man, good society, good government, does God reveal himself.

Mon.—Spirit is Life; and existence is only the ever-enlarging interchange of life with the ever-living God.

Tues.—A wholly new system of human Society is struggling toward birth.

Wed.—A good opinion of a person tends to make him such as he is supposed to be.

Thurs.—First of all, we must be individually faithful to our highest conviction in our several spheres.

Fri.—We would have our affections, thoughts and acts pervaded by a divine power of growth

Sat.—The only true priesthood is the innumerable company of earnest, upright, loving souls, whom God forever consecrates anew with the anointing of goodness.

—*Wm. H. Channing.*

A True Story of Hal.

BY E. P. POWELL.

Harry S. was standing in front of his home in a western city, trying to fix the wheel of a wagon with which he ran errands for his mother. He had made it with the help of his brother, and though rather wobbly, it served nicely to draw home groceries from the corner store. Just as he was pushing in place a lynch pin, a crowd of rough boys ran along shouting and evidently finding sport in teasing some animal. Hal dropped his work, and dashed into the crowd. Now you could see what kind of a chap he was. Solid built, with square shoulders, and a jaw almost as firm looking as his shoulders. His hands were small but clinched tight; and you could see that whatever he saw to do he never would ask whether he could do it; he would set about it at once without a question, and he would be pretty likely to do anything he set about. But he was very dirty; and his home bore signs of slack homekeeping. The neighborhood was of an average sort on a street where the laborers in car shops and foundries lived.

"Hullo there! what you at now, Ned Gardiner?" he shouted to a boy evidently five years his senior. "What you got there to torment?" At this a dozen voices called out, "It's only a cat, Hal." But Hal had found out for himself; and stooping down he gripped it tight in one hand, and with the other drove the whole crowd before him. Tossing the frightened kitten to his sister over the fence, he was ready for their return charge. The battle was sharp and quick, and at the end of it Ned Gardiner, the mean spirited ring leader, lay in the ditch, and Hal, with a torn coat, was going to hunt up the kitten. His face was flushed, his hair badly flying and a little more dirt on his face than usual.

Just then a hand was laid on his shoulder with "I say, my boy! that was a brave fight, and in a good cause; but do you like fighting?"

"No sir! I don't. That is I don't like fighting for nothing; but there's generally something worth fighting for, when that sneak is around."

"After all," said the man who spoke, "I can't help wishing you could get along without it." And he looked at Hal with a studious look, evidently taking a mental measure of the boy, and as evidently peculiarly pleased. Hal was also very much pleased with the man; and the end of it was an invitation to call at his new found friend's the next day.

Mr. L. was a clergyman, who had been visiting some of his poorer parishioners, and happened near the spot at the time of the conflict. He was a practical man, who had no fixed rules for measuring lads, but had a great deal of common sense in dealing with them. More than that, he somehow won their devoted love with much ease. Harry was already his friend when he called the next afternoon.

"Heigh ho!" said Mr. L. as he greeted him. "How's that little fist that defended the kitty yesterday? and how's the kitty?"

But Hal was evidently full of something else, and he blurted out: "I've made up my mind not to fight any more; and I won't, unless,—well sir! unless they hurt something that can't defend itself,—and then, you know I've got to."

"So ho! my boy, then you've been thinking over the matter all day, have you, and you've got your mind made up?"

"I don't know, sir! It's mean to fight; and sometimes its mean *not* to fight, and I don't feel sure what's right."

Mr. L. wisely led off the talk to other things, to find out more about the boy, and wound up by handing him a bundle containing a new suit of neat, serviceable clothes. "These are yours on a bargain that you take off those you are wearing, as soon as you get home, and never put them on again." Mr. L. said to his wife at home, "I am sure that boy has splendid material in him. I must begin by getting his surroundings improved."

A few days later Hal and Mr. L. were walking in the great flower garden of the latter. Clothes first, and flowers next, was the plan of the wise friend.

"Now," said Mr. L., "if you choose you may have that bed in the evergreens for your own, on condition that you plant it neatly, and keep it in clean condition all the year." Hal's amazement tied his tongue. He did not even thank his friend but rushed into a bunch of yews, and flung himself on the ground and cried. Mr. L. let him cry it out, while he went over to pick a basket of pears from a few dwarf Duchess trees. Pretty soon Hal came quietly up and said, "Will you be kind enough to direct me about the planting?"

"Certainly; and as it is late in the season you will only have to keep neatly what is already in the bed. In October I will give you phloxes and roses and other hardy plants that you can easily manage, and will show you how to cultivate them." Nearly every day Hal was in the garden, walking and working, delighted to help Mr. L. and to be with him.

"The next thing to be done," said the minister to his wife, "is to improve the chap's home surroundings." This was not so easily managed. It was however settled by Hal himself, who was thoroughly waked up to better things. He insisted on having the house clean and the rest of the children kept tidy, and as for the bit of ground in front he cleaned that himself.

Ned Gardiner took every occasion to annoy the boy, but kept at a safe distance and there was no more fighting. The new impulse to improvement sent Harry also bounding along in his studies; and soon he was in an advanced room. Here he found another friend in Mrs. M., a woman of tact and sympathy.

"I say, Mr. L.," he called out in a hurried voice one day, "I want to change my seat in school."

"Why so? does Mrs. M. consent?"

"She says ask you; and if you say yes, she won't object. But I want to sit with Pat Carey."

"Pat Carey, my boy! why he's the roughest, worst boy in the school, and a good deal older than you and he doesn't study."

"That's it! that's it! Mr. L. He doesn't study; and he's a good-hearted boy, and just going to waste; and I'll *make* him study."

"Very well, go ahead, but let me know how you get on." The minister really doubted the boy's power, but thought it wise to let him try. He hadn't yet found Hal out. There was a wonderfully sturdy determination in him that would do some wonderful things. And what was very promising was that he not only improved himself but improved everybody about him.

Pat did study. "I cud knock the head off him," he said, "but he winds me round his little finger. Sir! Well you may be proud of him, *sure*. I mind him loike he were the bigger himself. An I'd fight fur him, I wud." Pat never became a great scholar; but he did become a very honest, kind, faithful drayman; and never could say enough good-words for his boy friend.

The time came for our little hero to graduate. He left school with honor as well as honors. A prize or two he carried in his hand, but, as he said, he had something better in his head to carry away; and best of all, in his heart he carried the respect of his teachers. Mr. L. was too wise to undo what he had already done, by making Hal feel that his life could be anything but independent. "He must earn his own living, and do it at once. He cannot begin too soon. Educated paupers are the worst kind of paupers," he said to Harry's teacher. The result was that the boy was given an opportunity to earn a small amount; enough to take up a homestead grant from the government. The next heard of him he had a team of horses, a plough and a wagon. On the wagon he carried a small stove, and a supply of flour, potatoes, rice and a few articles of food, easily cooked. With this preparation he proceeded to break up his new land; camping out wherever night found him. "The nearest house," he wrote, "is five miles from me, not counting a cabin on a swamp prairie, which is not occupied except in hunting seasons. I have all my books, and occasionally get a rainy day to study. Other times I am sure to waken for half an hour or so every night and then I read till I am asleep again. No companions? No none! that is, none but my horses and little Bess." Well, who was Bess? The kitty he had rescued five years before from Ned Gardiner and his crowd of loafers. Little Bess he would never part with "because" he said, "she introduced me to Mr. L."

It took him the whole of one season to break up, plant and gather the crops of about ten acres. He was at school. "I don't mean that he shall stay there," said his friend, "but he is learning now self-reliance; and that is the very best lesson in the world." It was not hard for such a spirit as Hal's to learn such a lesson. He wrote in October, "I have a stack of wheat and another of oats. In harvesting I hired a man from Poloma, the nearest town. He is still with me, a fine fellow, and wants to buy me out."

"Sell to him," wrote Mr. L., "and come home at once." Hal followed advice, and was with his friends before cold weather,—staying back only long enough to help build a cabin for the man who had bought his farm.

"Next summer I must go to visit the place," he said, "for I learned to love it. And John Abernathy, the present owner, is a noble fellow."

Some day I will tell the boys and girls about that visit to the farm of John Abernathy; and what wonderful things took place. Meanwhile Harry will stay with Mr. L. as a sort of private secretary preparing for the press a volume of manuscript that needed his neat penmanship.

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The Liberal Field.

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

The Illinois State Liberal Congress is to be Held at Freeport, Ill., Nov. 19th, 20th and 21st.

All religious societies in the state in sympathy with the ideas, objects and principles of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies are cordially invited to send delegations of three or more, and individuals throughout the state who are interested in congress work are cordially invited to come. Let us have a large, earnest and profitable meeting.

A. N. ALCOTT,
State Secretary.

PROGRAM.

Tuesday, Nov. 19th.

7:30 P. M. Platform meeting. The Advantage of the Federation of Liberal Religious Societies for Missionary Work, Rabbi Joseph Stolz, Chicago. The Liberal's Attitude toward Bibles, Rev. R. B. Marsh, Peoria, Ill. The Opportunity of Liberal Religion, Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Chicago.

Wednesday, Nov. 20th.

9 A. M. Devotional exercises led by Dr. Thomas Kerr of Rockford.

9:30 A. M. Business. Appointment of committees, etc.

10 A. M. Reports of ministers from various localities. General conference.

11 A.M. Rev. Dr. Colledge, Aurora, Ill., Ideal Americanism.

12:30. Adjournment.

2 P. M. Our Missionary Problems, Rev. L. J. Duncan, Streator, Ill. To be followed by general discussion.

4 P. M. What a Liberal Church Can do for a Community, Dr. Thomas Kerr, of Rockford.

7:30 P. M. Congress Sermon, by Dr. H. W. Thomas, Chicago. The Community Church by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago.

Thursday, Nov. 21st.

9 A. M. Devotional Exercises led by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Hillside, Wis.

9:30 A. M. One principle of Growth, Rev. C. F. Elliott, Hinsdale, Ill.

10:30 A. M. Teaching the Young, Rev. A. W. Gould, Chicago.

Discussion.

11:30 A. M. Form and Substance in Religion, Mrs. C. P. Woolley, Geneva, Ill.

12 M. Reports of Missionary Work by Revs. G. B. Penney and A. N. Alcott.

2 P. M. Business Meeting.

3 P. M. Adjournment.

This program is substantially complete, but may undergo some slight alterations possibly in the order and otherwise.

For any additional information inquire of Rev. A. N. Alcott, State Secretary, Elgin, Ill.

Freeport, Ill.

There was a large congregation present at our services Sunday evening. The subject of discourse was, "The New Kind of Reformer we Need." At the close of the services an entertainment committee was appointed to secure places of entertainment for the ministers and delegates to the Liberal Congress. All persons expecting to attend this meeting of the Liberal Congress will confer a great favor by sending their names at once to the State Secretary at Freeport, Ill., in order that they may be duly provided for.

A. N. ALCOTT,
State Secretary.

A Free Course of Liberal Lectures.

A course of liberal lectures under the auspices of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies will be given in towns not too far from Chicago. The following persons have already consented to speak in the course:

A. N. Alcott, "The History of the Evolution of the Human Mind in Religion"; B. R. Bulkeley, "Tendencies of the Days"; C. F. Elliott, "Our Larger Selves"; A. W. Gould, "The Upper Current"; Robert Jardine, "The Historical Relations of Buddhism to Christianity"; J. L. Jones, "The Parliament of Religions and What Follows"; Joseph Stolz, "What All Can Believe"; B. F. Underwood, "The Positive Side of Liberal Religious Thought"; R. A. White, "The Untouched Remnant"; Celia P. Woolley, "Form and Substance in Religion."

To new places the only charges will be the traveling expenses of the speakers. To places desiring lectures for the second time some slight additional charge will be made to be used towards paying for the support of the Liberal headquarters in Chicago. All communication can be addressed to A. W. Gould, the chairman of the Missionary Committee, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The Study Table

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES. His Life and Works. By Henry Edward Watts. Macmillan & Co. New York, 1895. Crown, 12mo. Cloth, pp. 292; $2.00.

In the first edition of Mr. Watts' translation of "Don Quixote" the Life of Cervantes was written as an introduction, specially with the object of marking the close connection between the author and his work. In the present edition it has been wholly recast and almost entirely rewritten and much more space has been given to his minor works, which though far below the level of "Don Quixote" throw much light on the development of the genius which declared itself in that immortal work. The story of Cervantes' life is a very interesting one and we know much more about it than about his great English contemporary, Shakespeare. As a soldier in the Levant, a hero in the battle of Lepanto and a prisoner in Algiers for five years, he had much of the adventure which he craved and which served him an admirable turn when he would write of the adventures of La Mancha's famous knight. Mr. Watts' study of "Don Quixote" is most admirable. Cervantes' book is more, he thinks, a kindly satire on his own love for adventure and its romantic histories than it is anything else. Mr. Watts's opinion of the second part is very high, Charles Lamb to the contrary, notwithstanding. The chapter on the relations of Cervantes and his contemporary Lope de Vega is less judicial in its tone than we could wish. It assumes on too narrow a basis of evidence that the scandalous correspondence of De Vega would, if published, show him to have been the victim of the meanest and most malicious jealousy of Cervantes' reputation. Enough is proved against him on this score without resort to suspicions that are incapable of proof. The book is a fit companion, in all other respects, of Mr. Watts's admirable translation of "Don Quixote." It is even handsomer than the four volumes of the translation, because it is printed on much heavier paper in order to bring its 292 pages up to the thickness of their 400 and upwards. For their size the volumes are all very light and their bright and tasteful binding makes such a cheerful show upon one's shelf as the story of Don Quixote makes in the happy memory of every appreciative reader.

J. W. C.

The Magazines.

THE *North American Review* for November opes with a unique article by Austin Corbin, entitled "Quick Transit Between New York and London." It discusses the popular demand for the shortest possible sea passage between New York and London. An amusing paper on "The Plague of Jocularity," by the late Prof. H. H. Boyesen, attacks the seeming American inability to treat serious things seriously. "What Becomes of College Women," forms the topic of an interesting contribution by Charles F. Thwing, LL. D., President of the Western Reserve University and Adelbert College. By reference to statistics Dr. Thwing shows the directions in which graduates go, and the classes of work in which they engage, upon the completion of their curriculums. Hon. W. C. Oates, Governor of Alabama, discusses the "Industrial Development of the South." Governor Oates gives a remarkably clear and practical account of the revival of business in the south, especially in Alabama, and speaks hopefully of the continuance of the financial recuperation now going on in that section.

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[From THE NEW UNITY, May 2, 1895.]

The selection we give in another column from "The House Beautiful"—one of Mr. Gannett's uplifting studies which James H. West has just published—was not made because it was the most inspiring word the pamphlet contains. Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on "The dear Togetherness" is fullest of strength, sweetness, and light. But this extract was selected simply because it was the shortest that could be made to stand by itself. By sending its publisher fifteen cents our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so.

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Among the shortest articles published are: "A Practical Use of Verse," by Rowan Stevens; "Regulation of the Liquor Business," by Francis Gottsberger, and "The Rule of the Mother," by C. P. Selden.

ECONOMIC and scientific questions of great moment are treated in the *Popular Science Monthly* for November. Hon. David A. Wells furnishes the introductory article of a series on Principles of Taxation, which promises to be the most important contribution of recent years to economic science. The Past and Future of Gold is discussed by Charles S. Ashley. Dr. A. L. Benedict writes on Consumption considered as a Contagious Disease, showing that it is more to be dreaded than leprosy. Herbert Spencer continues his history of Professional Institutions by tracing the evolution of Judge and Lawyer. An English author, H. P. Fitzgerald Marriott, contributes an illustrated article on Primigenial Skeletons, the Flood and the Glacial Period. Prof. Mary R. Smith, of Stanford University, discusses Recent Tendencies in the Education of Women. This number contains also the address of Dr. Daniel G. Brinton before the American Association on The Aims of Anthropology, the conclusion of Prof. E. P. Evan's essay on the Recent Recrudescence of Superstition, and the twelfth of Prof. James Sully's Studies of Childhood, dealing with disobedience. The origin of some of the Uncle Remus stories is pointed out in a paper by the late Colonel A. B. Ellis, entitled Evolution in Folklore.

THE November number of the *Jenness Miller Monthly* has an article on The Reduction of Obesity so clearly and intelligently written that it will prove of inestimable value everywhere. There is an admirable Kindergarten department and a Household Science paper. The subject of the latter is one which is of universal interest, "The Feeding of Children." The Fashion article, which bears the original title of "The Middle Country," treats practically of the appropriateness of the dress of middle-aged women. A unique feature is "A thanksgiving Harbinger," a paper which sets forth in a nutshell, for those who have not had time or opportunity to read, an interesting review of the most striking public occurrences of the year. Of fiction pure and sweet there is an abundance, and of poetry enough to soothe e tired nerves, and stimulate the fancy The *Monthly* is also beautifully illustrated.

THE publishers of *Littell's Living Age* announce a reduction in the price of that unique eclectic from eight dollars to six dollars a year; the change to take effect with the first of the new year. New subscribers, however, remitting before the first of January, will receive the intervening numbers of 1895, *free*. *The Living Age* now nearing the close of its fifty-second year, has ever been the faithful mirror of the times, reflecting only that which was highest and best and most desirable in the whole field of literature. It commends itself especially to busy people of moderate means for they will find in it what they cannot otherwise obtain except by a large expenditure of time and money, yet which is so essential to every one who desires to be well-informed concerning all the great questions of the day. Published by LITTELL & CO., Boston.

FEW stories which have appeared in the *New England Magazine* have attracted a larger circle of readers than "Miss Theodora: a West End Story," by Miss Helen Leah Reed. Interesting as the story is in its plot and in its studies of character, it is even more so, if possible, in the local color which has been so well caught and preserved and in the spirit of the old West End of Boston which

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informs every page. The story is concluded in the November of the magazine, and no instalment of it has been more interesting. WARREN F. KELLOGG, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

A MEDICAL writer in the November *Babyhood* discusses the vexed question: "Are Children's Falsehoods Wicked?" and arrives at the surprising conclusion that in many cases certain physical defects—notably of the eye and the organs of digestion—are responsible for so-called children's lies. Another medical paper of general interest to mothers deals with "Second Dentition." The importance of providing proper food during the period of dental activity in children is forcibly brought out in this article. "The History of a Child's Passion" is a suggestive contribution to the science of child study. There are practical articles on "Fashion and Common Sense in the Dress of Children," "The Value of Photography in the Nursery," etc., and the usual careful medical replies to questions concerning "The Treatment of Boils," "Dancing for Boys and Girls," "Hives," "Change from Breast Milk," and many other topics of interest to young mothers. The present number closes the eleventh volume of this indispensable Nursery Guide. $1.00 a year. Babyhood Pub. Co., 5 Beekman Street, New York.

THE feature of the November *Century* which will doubtless appeal to the greatest number of readers is the opening instalment of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new story, "Sir George Tressady." An excellent portrait of the author, from a photograph taken during the summer for this purpose, precedes the first chapter. The story introduces the American readers to a fascinating feature of the best English public life, namely, the relation of politics to the English "country house." In none of her stories has Mrs. Ward touched upon the vital forces of the time with greater vividness. It will interest the thousands of Americans who are acquainted with the author's writings to know that "Marcella," as Lady Maxwell, becomes, later on, the potent feminine character of the story. Three short stories lend exceptional interest to the number. Bret Harte contributes a Spanish-American romance entitled "The Devotion of Enriquez," which has been illustrated by Gilbert Gaul; "On Account of Emmanuel," by Miss Bride Neill Taylor, with pictures by Albert E. Sterner, offers a touching story of a nun's affection for a little boy to whom she had been a foster-mother; and "The Tragedy of the Comedy," illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, deals with a complication in the affections of two girl friends for the same young man. The latter story is by Chester Bailey Fernald, the author of "The Cat and the Cherub" in the September number, which has attracted widespread attention.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for November contains among other features three short stories of exceptional quality: In Harvest Time, by A. M. Ewell, The Apparition of Gran'ther Hill, by Rowland E. Robinson, and The Face of Death, by L. Dougall. There is also an installment of Gilbert Parker's serial The Seats of the Mighty, and Charles Egbert Craddock's The Mystery of Witchface Mountain is concluded. Lafcadio Hearn's contribution bears the suggestive title After the War, and is quite as readable as his other delightful studies of Japan. A feature of importance will be a paper by Walter Mitchell on The Future of Naval Warfare, which is a timely discussion of the future usefulness of the world's perfected navies. Woodrow Wilson writes of Walter Bagehot, and contributes a readable paper under the title A Literary Politician. The educational paper of the issue is At the Parting of the Ways, a timely article upon the physical education of women in college.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to THE NEW UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of THE NEW UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned, except foreign ones, may be obtained by our readers from UNITY Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago, by forwarding price namedelow.

IN THE YOUNG WORLD. By Edith M. Thomas. Cloth, 110 pp., $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

THIS GOODLY FRAME: THE EARTH. Stray impressions of scenes, incidents and persons in a journey touching Japan, China, Egypt, Palestine and Greece. By Francis Tiffany. Cloth, 364 pp., $1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

AUNT BILLY, And other Sketches. By Alyn Yates Keith. Cloth, 140 pp., $1.25. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

BROKEN NOTES from a Gray Nunnery. By Julia Sherman Hallock. Cloth, illustrated, 104 pp., $1.25. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

HALF ROUND THE WORLD, or Among the Uncivilized. By Oliver Optic. Cloth, Illustrated, 364 pp., $1.25 Boston: Lee and Shepard.

THE LOTTERY TICKET. By J. T. Trowbridge. Cloth, illustrated, 292 pp., $1.00. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

KYZIE DUNLEE. "A Golden Girl." By Sophie May. Cloth, illustrated, 180 pp., 75cts. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

LITTLE DAUGHTER. By Grace Le Baron. Cloth, 178 pp., illustrated, 75cts. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

YOUNG MASTER KIRKE. By Penn Shirley. Cloth, illustrated, 156 pp., 75 cts. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

NAUTILUS. By Laura E. Richards. Small quarto, cloth, illustrated, unique cover design, 120 pp., 75 cts. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

MOUNT LEBANON CEDAR BOUGHS. Original poems by the North Family of Shakers. Cloth, 316 pp., $1.50. Buffalo: Peter Paul Book Co.

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A Lady Makes Money.

Mr. Editors:—I am always interested in reading of the success of others and will tell of mine. I tried school teaching, clerking and sewing, all hard work for small pay. I met a lady making $15 a week selling National Dish Washer—best made. I ordered ½ dozen, washed mother's dinner dishes in two minutes, sold all first afternoon; profit $12. The next week I made $37, in a month $143; I am a good talker. I buy of the World's Mfg. Co., Columbus, O.; they are very kind to me; they manufacture aluminum and electric goods, many new, rapid selling articles for agents. Others can do as I have by writing them. CORA MILTON.

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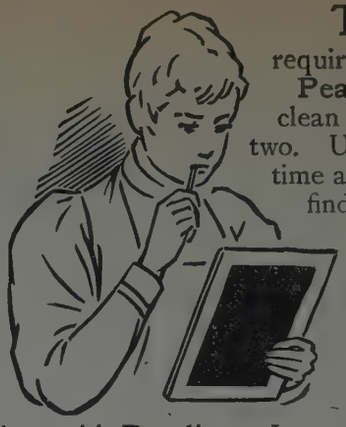

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Miscellanea.

Ancient Highways.

CURIOUSLY enough, the earliest record of the existence of pavements marks back through the dim lights of antiquity to the empires of two queens,—Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, and Dido, the Phœnician princess who founded the Carthaginian empire. According to the records of Valerius Maximus, the paved highways throughout the realms of Semiramis were the first in use, but Isidorus claims that the Carthaginians enjoyed the initial pavements of the world.

Certain it is that from the latter the Romans derived their first knowledge of the importance of good roads, for at a time when the Roman kingdom had not yet given promise of its future greatness as an empire the people of Dido's realm were luxuriating in marble mosaics for floors of dwelling-houses, and stronger materials were employed by them for the highways of commerce when the Carthaginians were the most important commercial nation in the world.

But the Appian Way of Appius Claudius, the worn blocks of lava in the streets of Herculaneum and Pompeii, over which the Roman chariots rolled into the past,—all these and other European, African or Asiatic highways are not to be compared for structure or durability to the great roads of the Incas. These tremendous causeways, built for the passage of imperial armies from end to end of the realm, constructed in the face of Nature's mightiest protests, bridging chasms, joining mountains, tunneling through their hearts, built from depth to height by sheer force of engineering skill, indicate by their colossal ruins today that the Children of the Sun were past-masters of the art of high-road construction. Mighty records of a race as these remains are, what other and mightier records might not have been preserved had the *quipus* only been supplanted by the alphabet at a time when the Incas were a dominant race and had a history to bequeath to coming generations! Had it been possible to preserve the historical cords, threads and bits of string into which the records of the great South American nation were twisted with cabalistic meaning, we might be able to determine beyond question that at a time when Frenchmen and Englishmen were wallowing through next to impassable roads, the practical perfection of Inca highways was further embellished by flowering hedges and umbrageous trees.—MARION MANVILLE POPE, in October *Lippincott's.*

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Armenian Tax Burdens.

An investigation into the causes of the Armenian dissatisfaction with Turkish rule has been made by a Russian officer, Colonel Lazareff, and, in a pamphlet on the subject, he gives some facts relative to the "varied and original" system of taxation imposed on Armenia. Here are a few of the assessments:

1. An exemption task paid for relief from military service, amounting to about $1.50 per year. This is imposed on every member of the family, and neither children nor old or crippled persons are exempt. If a head of a large family is unable to pay the tax, he is punished by arrest and flogging, and his household goods or cow must be sold to satisfy the tax collector.

2. A tax on the land and crops—from $1 to $6 per acre, according to the quality of the land, and one eighth of the value of the harvest.

3. An orchard tax. Everyone having an orchard pays about $22 annually.

4. Hay tax; about $2 for every eight wagon-loads.

5. For each cottage, a tax of $1.50.

6. For a stable, from $1 to $3, according to size and cost.

7. A marriage tax of fifty cents on the bridegroom.

8. A sheep tax, about twenty cents for each.

9. A tax on every male over fourteen for the maintenance of roads, fortresses and barracks.

Besides these there are numberless taxes on almost every conceivable occupation—fruit-growing, tobacco-raising, etc. There is a tax on each tree standing on one's lot. Besides these there are excise taxes on liquor and other articles of consumption. The Kurds are free from nearly all of these taxes, paying only for one-third of their sheep and being allowed to make their own returns to the assessors. "These facts," says a Russian paper in comment, "fully explain the decrease in the Armenian population and Armenian emigration. With such a system, manifestly designed to ruin and starve out the Armenians, Turkey hardly requires, in order to attain her object, recourse to such additional methods as the late wholesale massacres."—*The Literary Digest.*

The Pet Meanness.

It is a curious thing that everybody, nearly, has a rooted aversion to giving away some one thing. No matter how generous this man or woman may be, in this one thing he or she is a miser.

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rections; but when it came to stamps, the great financier, it is said, could not bear to pay the postage on his private letters, but would send them at the expense of the firm. With "Madame Chère Mère," in one of Frederika Bremer's charming stories, it was lace. She could give her children houses and lands, and to yield them fields and farms did not cause her a pang; but when it became a question of Duchess "point" she confessed that nothing could be more painful than to part from the least bit of it. One of the richest women in this country hoards matches as if they were so many wands studded with diamonds. She will give one or two under protest, to a relative in need of them, but she buys them by the gross, and lights and relights them until the last charred bit falls off, leaving her often with burnt fingers and a regretful wish that "she could have used that one once more." When her children come of age, she gives each of them two hundred thousand dollars with the greatest possible cheerfulness, but if they were to ask her for a whole box of matches she would feel that she was being impoverished, and if they took six, that she was being robbed.

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count of an English parliamentary election. It will be the leading feature in fiction for the coming twelve months, other and shorter novels being contributed by W. D. Howells, F. Hopkinson Smith, Mary Hallock Foote, and Amelia E. Barr. There will also be contributions from Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling (the latter furnishing to the Christmas *Century* one of the most powerful stories he has ever written); a series of articles on the great naval engagements of Nelson, by Captain Alfred T. Mahan, author of "Influence of Sea Power upon History"; three brilliant articles on Rome, contributed by Marion Crawford, and superbly illustrated by Castaigne, who made the famous World's Fair pictures in *The Century*; a series of articles by George Kennan, author of "Siberia and the Exile System," on the Mountains and the Mountaineers of the Eastern Caucasus, describing a little-known people; articles by Henry M. Stanley and the late E. J. Glave on Africa; a series of papers on "The Administration of the Cities of the United States," by Dr. Albert Shaw. *The Century* will also contain during the year a great number of papers on art subjects, richly illustrated.

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Origins of Bible Stories.

Early in the last decade of the nineteenth century it was noised abroad that the Rev. Professor Sayce, of Oxford, the most eminent Assyriologist and Egyptologist of Great Britain, was about to publish a work in which what is known as the "higher criticism" was to be vigorously and probably destructively dealt with in the light afforded by recent research among the monuments of Assyria and Egypt. The book was looked for with the most eager expectation by the supporters of the traditional view of Scripture; but, when it appeared, the exultation of the traditionalists was speedily changed to dismay. For Prof. Sayce, while showing some severity toward sundry minor assumptions and assertions of Biblical critics, confirmed all their more important conclusions which properly fell within his province. A few of the statements of this champion of orthodoxy may be noted. He allowed that the week of seven days and the Sabbath rest are of Babylonian origin; indeed, that the very word "Sabbath" is Babylonian; that there are two narratives of Creation on the Babylonian tablets, wonderfully like the two leading Hebrew narratives in Genesis, and that the latter were undoubtedly drawn from the former; that the "garden of Eden" and its mystical tree were known to the inhabitants of Chaldæa in pre-Semitic days; that the beliefs that woman was created out of man, and that man by sin fell from a state of innocence, are drawn from very ancient Chaldæan-Babylonian texts; that Assyriology confirms the belief that the

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Seventh-Day Adventists Acquitted.

Five Seventh-Day Adventists on trial at Dayton, Tenn., for Sabbath violation, were acquitted on Wednesday without the jurors leaving their seats. This is construed to mean a decided revolution in sentiment toward these people by the citizens of Rhea County, where they have a thriving settlement at Greysville. Judge Lewis Sheppard of Chattanooga, and ex-Congressman Snodgrass, of Dayton, volunteered in their defense and both made eloquent and successful appeals to the jury.

"History of Judaism."

The Kenwood Center for University Extension has announced a course of six lectures by Dr. Emil G. Hirsch on the "History of Judaism," for Monday evenings at 8 o'clock at the Kenwood Institute (Old Kenwood Club House). Dates and subjects are: November 4, "Biblical Judaism"; November 11, "Talmudical Judaism"; November 18, "The Spanish Philosophical Period"; November 25, "Mysticism, the Age of Persecution"; December 2, "Mendelssohn and His Influence"; December 9, "The Outlook and Modern Judaism."

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